764 earn the daily bread for your poor orphans, who is going to provide them with their clothes... Who is going to console your desperate widow... Who is going to say to me in the morning: woman, do you hear the swineherd sounding his horn? The pigs are already at the gate, drive out the sow! Alas, alas, my poor dear husband, if only I could hear your severe words just once more, just once more...»

The dead person must be properly mourned. A person who has no mourners, is an orphan indeed:

The dead man has been laid in the courtyard,
But there is no one to mourn over him;
Now it is evident who is a real orphan,
It is the one over whose coffin no one sheds tears.

767 If some people cannot mourn properly themselves, they hire professional mourners to wail for them. At least that was the custom in the very near past. The female mourners have a very rich collection of songs, as they had to fulfill their vocation as daily paid workers. Their melodies are not improvised, they are usually taken over from popularized church hymns. The following verse is from the song of a professional mourner of the Great Plain:

My eyes shall cry
My tears shall fall.
Wash my tear-stained face!
This dead man
Needs no heavenly due,
My sad tears shall
Gleam like pearls all over him...

The mourning women have special laments for mothers, wives, children, relations. This is what they sing for a wife:

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The bird has flown away,
The cage is empty,
Her dear mate cooes in vain
Cooes in vain.
She won't return
Because the dark grave
Has already embraced her.

This is for a child:

The news has already started
To spread all over the town,
People are collecting
Dear child, to visit you with a frown.
Death, death, death,
Why were you so cruel,
Weren't you sorry to pluck
Such a lovely flower?
No, you were not sorry,
You made it wither
As you tore it from
His loving parents' arms.

764 And then dawns the last day... Two poles are used or the hearse is pulled out and the dead is carried to find eternal rest in his everlasting abode: his coffin... Great care is taken to avoid all occurrences which might disturb the soul of the dead, or prompt it to return. The proces- starts out, their songs resound, the good neighbours walk in a row with hoes in their hands, as they have to shuffle the earth on the everlasting abode... Not so long ago the men were buried in many places with beflagged pikes, and these were placed in the ornamental pike holders on the grave. The old men were given black pikes, the young men white ones... The German poet Count Alexander of Württemberg (1801—1844) refers in two of his poems to the beflagged pike grave yards which he saw in the outskirts of Keszthely. The sight «reminds me of the masts of a dead fleet, it attracts every tired soul let down